

(110)

THE
COBLER
OF
PRESTON.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRE ROYAL, in
LONDON and DUBLIN.

WRITTEN by Mr. JOHNSON. (*Charles*)



D U B L I N:

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Dramatis Personæ.

Sir CHARLES BRITON, a Country Gentleman.

Capt. JOLLY, his Friend.

Servants to Sir *Charles Briton* dress'd in *Spanish* Habits, by the Names of LORENZO, DIEGO, BARTOLINO, PEDRO,

Huntsman.

Constable.

Butler to Sir *Charles*,

KIT SLY, a drunken Cobler.

BETTY, Chamber-Maid to Sir *Charles*, dress'd for a *Spanish* Princess.

CICELY GUNDY, a Country Ale Wife.

JOAN, *Kit Sly's* Wife.

SCENE, Sir *Charles's* House, and the Road before it, with the Cocker's House, and the Constable's House.

Time of Action, from Nine in the Morning 'till ten at Night.



THE

THE Cobler of Preston.

ACT I.

SCENE The Road.

(*Eight in the Morning.*)

The Cobler, CICELY GUNDY, and ALICE.

HUZZA, Huzza, a Mackintosh, a Mackintosh; there is something now so contagious, as it were, in the very Sound of his Name—You are sure he wears Whiskers, as soon as you hear him mention'd—I must be a Rebel, and I will be a Rebel—I never saw a finer Army of Sportsmen in my Life. Hawks, hallow my brave Boys—O'd, here is my Guard, and thus will I stand, do you see firm to the Cause, to the last Drop of Ale in 'Squire Car-buncle's Cellar.

Cic. Out you Knave! a Pair of Stocks, Sirrah a Whipping-post, you Rogue! a Whipping-post!

Cob. You are a Baggage: Lookes, say what you will of me, but don't disparage my Family.—The *Six's* came in with *Richard* the Conqueror; and so let the World slide, Sella,
[*Fencing with his Stick.*]

Cic. Sirrah, Sirrah! will you pay for the Mugs you have broke?

Cob. No, not a single Farthing. I will live upon Free-Quarter, *Cicely*, I am free of all the Ale and Bees in England, you Housewife. I will have no Beckonings paid at all—'Tis downright Abomination, Heresy—You sober Small-Beer Whey-Beards, shall pay all the Scot—and I will tax them at my Will and Pleasure, huzza—He that cannot keep a five Bar Gate, knows nothing of Generalship—

Alice. Varsal, Father! what Pickle is he in!

Cic. Well, *Kit*, I know my Remedy, *Kit*; I'll go fetch the Constable—

Cob. Give me some more Drink, you old dry Ruttock—Why, let the Constable come—I'll answer him by Law, I'll not budge an Inch; let him come—What, are you for that Sport? Have at you—[*Tumbles down.*] Well! you have

conquer'd me—I surrender—Here, *Cicely, Alice!* a double Jugg; score it. *[Falls asleep.]*

Enter Sir CHARLES BRITON, Squire JOLLY, Huntsmen, Servants, &c. as from hunting.

Sir Cha. I was never more disappointed in my Life; the Morning promised us good Sport.

Jolly. How thick the Mists fell, and puzzled the Scent!

Sir Cha. And yet, for all that, *Bellman* made it good at yon Hedge Corner in the coldest Fault.

Jolly. I think *Ringwood* is as good a Dog as he, *Sir Charles*; for twice to-day I observ'd him to pick out the faintest Scent. What's here! one dead or drunk! Look—does the Fellow breathe?

Hunt. Yes, Sir, he breaths—If he were not well warm'd within, this would be but a cold Bed this hazy Weather—Hah! why, Sir, this is our drunken Neighbour *Kit*—

Sir Cha. This Rascal is the greatest Politician, and the greatest Sot in our Parish, Mr. *Jolly*—His Head is perpetually confounded with the Fumes of Ale and Faction—

Jolly. His Habit shews him a Cöbler.

Sir Cha. Even so; but he has laid aside cobling of Shoes, to mend our Constitution—

Jolly. Our Constitution has been too much handled by such Fellows as these, who have of late Years been the Journeymen to a Set of merry Statesmen, that turned all Government into a Jest—

Sir Cha. This Fellow has fancy'd himself of some Consequence a great while, and has been extremely troublesome and factious; there has been hardly any Iniquity committed in this Country, but this drunken Knave has had a Finger in it.—What if we should take this opportunity to punish him a little, and practice upon him for our Diversion?

Jolly. As how?

Sir Cha. Suppose we should convey him thus drunk and senseless as he is, to my House, and lodge him in the best Apartment; strip him of his Rags, change his Linen, put him into a Down-Bed, and order him to be attended in every respect as a Man of Quality: Will it not strangely amaze him when he awakes, to find his Condition so wonderfully alter'd?

Jolly. It must surprize him and make his Behaviour entertaining.

Sir Cha. We'll put the Project in Execution this Instant.

John

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John and William, do you take up that Corpse and bear it into the best Chamber—and do as I have said—I'll follow, and give you farther Directions. *[Exit.]*

SCENE *The Hall in Sir Charles's House.*

PETER and RICHARD, *two Servants.*

Pet. To be sure the Butler is dead drunk, and fast asleep in the pantry; how shall we get Things in Order against my Master comes Home? for it has struck Ten.

Richard to John and Will, entering with the Cocker. Hey Day!—What have we here, *John*?

John. A sleeping Tun of strong Beer, *Peter*, that's all—

Pet. Whither do you carry him?

John. Open the great Chamber, let the best bed be sheeted for here is your Lord and Master, Man, for this Day.

Pet. My Lord and Master! What is the Fellow wild, too?

Enter Sir CHARLES and Mr. JOLLY.

Sir Cha. Ay, it shall be so; who waits there? Bid the Butler bring a Bottle of Wine.

Pet. Sir, he is a little indispos'd.

Sir Cha. Eternal Son—always drunk—Is it not so?

Pet. A little disguis'd, Sir.

Sir Cha. Where is he?

Pet. Asleep in the Pantry.

Sir Cha. Asleep, say you? let me see; I have a Thought, *Mr. Jolly* now strikes me: What if we should dress this drunken Butler in the Cocker's Cloaths, and lay him in the the very Place where we found the Cocker?

Jolly. It may improve our Mirth, and thicken our Plot with variety of Circumstances.

Enter WILLIAM and JOHN.

Sir Cha. Have you bestowed the Cocker, as I directed?

Will. He is fast asleep in the best Bed.

Sir Cha. Harky', strip the Butler this Moment of his Livery, and dress him in the Cocker's Habit: When you have done this, carry him and lay him down gently in the very Place where we found *Kit Sly*—And, do you hear, bid all your Fellow-Servants come hither instantly.

[Exeunt John and Will.]

Jolly. What a flattering Dream will this poor Fellow think has laid hold of him, when he wakes!

Enter several Servants.

Sir Cha. Where are those Spanish masking Suits I bespoke for last Christmas?

Serv. In the Wardrobe, Sir.

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Sir

Sir Cba. Each of you instantly put on one of those *Spanish Habits*—and so disguise your Features, that you may not be readily discover'd.

Serv. Hey day! What Gambols are we to play now?

(Aside.)

Sir Cba. That done, place yourselves all round the *Cöbler's Bed*; perfume the Apartment where he lies; attend him as his *Servant*; wait upon him; obey all his *Commands*, and call him your *Lord*—Let him have *Musick*, when he wakes; and bid *Betty*, the *Chamber-maid*, take the *Spanish Princess's Dress*, and personate his *Lady*; and let her call him her *Lord and Husband*—

Serv. This will be pure Sport, *Esackins*?

Serv. Adad, I shall never hold from laughing.

Sir Cba. Come, *Mr. Jolly*, while these Things are preparing, we will walk in and refresh ourselves.

SCENE *The Road.*

The Butler in the Cöbler's Cloaths dead Drunk. *CICELY,*
ALICE and Constable.

Cic. Ah! *Mr. Constable*; he is the most harlotry Knave alive! I warrant he is an infinitive Thing, at least fourteen or fifteen Pence on my Score! Then he twaggers so when he is in his Eale; he beats my Customers, he breaks my Mugs; and, to be sure, is so untowardly about Steate Matters—
[him with?]

Const. Well, well Woman, but what dost thou charge

Cic. It was but the last Fear Day, when he was bound over to the *Nisi Prius*, about breaking *Gaffer Dobbin's* Head with our *Pewter Flaggon*, d'y' see—only because he called the the Pope the Whore of *Babylon*; and you know *Gaffer Dobbin's* cannot abide the Pope.

Const. What have I to do with your Story of the Pope and *Gaffer Dobbin's*? What do you charge him with, I say again?—

Cic. Why first I charge him with Burglary.

Const. For what?

Cic. For calling his good Worship, *Sir Jeoffry Freeman*, a Presbyterian, Schematick, and a Round Head. [ther?

Const. Very well! this is *ad Rem*—What have you far-

Cic. Why then, I charge him with forswearing himself, and with Perjury, and bearing False Witness.

Const. As how?

Cic. Why, for knocking down *Peter Turph*—because honest

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nest *Peter* would not drink his abomination Healths: Besides, he is guilty of the Statute of Stabbing.

Const. How Woman! guilty of the Statute of Stabbing, say you?

Cic. Yes, I do say it; for being treacherously disposed towards my Daughter *Kitty* in the Hay-ricke—Will ye, nill ye I protest—Oh, he is a most Honey suckle Villain—And so I pray ye Master Constable, that he may be comprehended as an aspitious Person.

Const. Well, well, he shall be forth-coming: Here *Richard Slouth*, tak the Prisoner upon your Back and carry him to my House—when he awaketh he shall be examin'd. [*Carry of the Butler.*] But you must make Oath of these Things, Woman.

Cic. Ay, that I will, take my Bible Oath on't.

Const. Very well, very well: To-morrow Morning, Woman, when this Cobbler has recover'd his understanding, that is, his Legs, I will translate him to Sir *Charles Briton's*, where he shall be examin'd, *solus cum solo*; and thou shalt be consol'd about the Fractures in thy Jugs, and the fourteen Pence that he is upon thy Score. (*Exeunt Cicely and Alice.*) So, so, it behoveth a Magistrate to be sententious; and if so be, he is capable of seasoning his Wisdom with some smack of Mirth, he acts judiciously indeed.

[*Exit Const.*]

S C E N E *An Anti-Room to a Bed-Chamber.*

Sir CHARLES BRITON dress'd like a Spanish Doctor, and two Servants as Spaniards.

Sir Cha. So, so, I see you are dress'd; are all the rest ready?

Serv. They are all now attending round the Bed. He just now list'd up his Eye-lids and yawn'd—and then clos'd 'em again for another Nap—Will your Worship please to have the Door set open?

Sir Cha. By all means; but besure you give him no Occasion by over-acting your Parts or any unseasonable Laughter, to suspect the Deceit.

The Doors open'd, the Cobbler discover'd in a rich Bed; Servants on each side of the Stage, some preparing Tea, others Chocolate, as against his Lover.

Kit. (*Yawning*) Heigh ho! a Pot of Small Eale, Joan for Heaven's Sake, a Pot of Small Eale—Why dost not come Woman? Hey day! what!—Why certainly I am awake—

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wake—Hah— What! I am most damnably frighted—I don't like these Fellows—Who are they? I dare not ask; no, not for the Soul of me—

[*Lorenzo Enters.*] Is my Lord awake, *Diego*?

Diego. Softly *Lorenzo*, softly—He is a sleep still—Heaven grant this sweet refreshment may do him good.

Loren. His Majesty has sent to know how he rested last Night.

Diego. Better than usual truly, better than usual—He does not stir yet—How greatly the King honours him!

Kit. I am most horribly frighted. The King sent to know how I rest—I am most damnably frighted; why, what is to be done here.—

[*Diego goes to the Bed, and Kit sneaks his Head under the Bed-Cloaths.*]

Diego. He sleeps still; this Doctor will do Wonders: Well, if he recovers his Lordship, he will have a Gratitude of a Thousand Pound from the King for the cure; besides the Honour of bringing back a Person of his Wisdom and Weight to the Service of the Publick.—

Kit. Humph—How! I can't guess what the Devil they drive at.

Diego. 'Tis a Thousand Pities so fine a Gentleman should be thus disturb'd in his Head—

Kit. A fine Getleman—

Diego. Ten to One, now, when he awakes, he will ramble and rave as he used to do, about the Story of the Cobler and his Wife—

Kit. How!—What!—a Cabler and his Wife; why, they can't mean me sure all this while—

Loren. Ay, how odly will he talk of his being a poor Cabler, and that his Wife *Joan* is the veryest Vixin in all *Lancashire*—

Diego. 'Tis that Beer, *Lorenzo*, that damn'd *English* strong Beer, that distracts him so, and fills him with base ignoble Thoughts.

Loren. 'Tis strange! No Advice can prevail with him not to drink it.

Kit. Ay! now 'tis plain they mean me—But what!—Why sure! Nay, now I am more amazed than ever—

Humph.—What Company am I got into?—What Business have I in this Bed?—How came I here?

Diego. Order his Lordship's Band of Musick in the Anti-Chamber

Chamber, gently to touch their Instruments, and awake him with the sweetest, softest Sounds of Harmony—

Kit. Music! What the Devil are they about? Here is some cursed Blunder made; I shall be hang'd that is certain, I am got into a Lord's Bed-Chamber, I don't know how; nay, and into his very Bed too!

Diego. I will venture to peep once more into his Curtains, and see if he stirs yet—

Kit. Ah Lord! now I am taken in the Fact: What shall I do?

Diego. [Softly at his Curtains.] My Lord—My honour'd Lord—

Kit. What does your good Worship say? Here is no Body here but I, an it please you—

Loren. Your Lordship's Gown— [They put on his Gown, and set him on the Feet of the Bed.]

Diego. Will your Lordship take some Chocolate or Tea?

Kit. An it shall please you, you mistake me for some other Person to be sure.

Loren. Ah! *Diego*, *Diego*, he is still in the same unhappy Distraction!

Kit. What's that you say, good Sir? Upon my Word I don't know how I came here, I had no Design indeed.

Diego. What Cloaths, will your Lordship please to wear to-day?

Kit. Pho, Pox what do you mean? I am *Christopher Sly* of *Preston Heath*. Nay, nay, do no' geam a Body thus—Why, what?

Diego. Your *English* Brocade will be too hot, and the *Persian* too cool, I think your *Genoa* Ash-colour'd Velvet will suit your Honour best to-day.

Kit. Prithee now, Prithee indeed, an it shall please you, it is well known I have no more Doublets than Backs, nor no more Stockings than Legs, nor no more Shoes than Feet; nay sometimes more Feet than Shoes, or such Shoes as my Toes peep through the upper Leather.

Diego. Heaven, good Heaven, amend, this idle Humour: Oh! that a man so born—in such Esteem and Credit, of so clear a Judgment, and so sound an Understanding—shou'd be possess'd by such an evil Spirit.

Kit. What wou'd you make me mad! Am not I *Kit Sly*? old *Sly's* Son of *Wiggen*—born a Pedlar, brought up a Card-maker, then turn'd into a Bearherd—and now,

as you see, translated into a Cocker—*Alas! Cocker! Cocker!*
the fat Eale-Wife of *Preston*, if she know me not, if she
say I am not fourteen Pence on her Score for sheer
Eale, score me up for the most lying Knave in *Christendom*!
What, I am not be straight! Here's!

Diego. Oh! this it is that makes your Lady mourn.

Loren. Oh! this it is that makes your Servants droop.

Bart. Therefore your noble Kindred from your House,
As driven hence by this strange Lunacy.
Behold your Servants all attend around,
Each in his office ready at your Nod.

Kit. Very well, very well then you say I am a Lord,
hail!

Diego. You are a Lord—and you can draw your Lineage
down from the Flood—so noble is your Name.

Kit. Oh, ho—*but am I really, really, a Lord?*

Loren. Ah, my good Lord, why should you doubt your
Worth?

You have a Lady far more beautiful
Than any Woman in this waining Age.

Kit. A Lady—Hah!—What, is she handsome? Very
handsome?

Sir Gha. Until those Tears, which she has shed for you,
Like wasting Floods, o'er-ran her lovely Face,
She was the fairest Creature in all *Spain*.

Kit. *Spain!* Am I a Lord? And have I such a Lady? Oh do
I dream? Or have I dream'd till now? I do not sleep, I see, I
hear, I speak; I smell sweet Savours, and I feel soft Things:
Oh Pox, it would be very rude and impertinent in me to
doubt any longer. Well, bring our Lady hither to our
Sight--And prithee, Friend once more, a Rot of the smallest
Eale.

Loren. Oh, how we joy to see your Wits restor'd!
Oh, that once more you knew but who you were!
These fifteen Years you have been in a Dream,
Or when you waked, so waked, as if you slept.

Kit. Fifteen Years, dost thou say! A goodly Nap, by
my Faith. But did I never speak in all that Time?

Loren. O yes, but very wild and idle Words.

Kit. Well! Heaven be praised for my good Recovery!

Loren. Amen, with all my Heart.

Kit. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it; I'll be good
to thee.

Enter

Enter BETTY, as his Lady, with Attendants.

Lady. How fares my noble Lord?

Kit. Marry I fare well—here's Cheer enough—but pray where's my Wife?

Lady. Here my good Lord—What is your Lordship's Pleasure?

Kit. Hah! a goodly Wench! a Bone-Roba in troth;—Now shall I know whether this be a Dream, or no in a Moment. Are you my Wife, forsooth? Hah!—Why don't you call me Husband? My Men say, I am a Lord, and I am your good Man.

Lady. My Husband? and my Lord; my Lord and Husband. I am your dearest Wife in all Obedience.

Kit. Very well! I am glad to hear it, in troth. What must I call her?

Diego. Madam.

Kit. Alice Madam, or Joan Madam? [dies.

Diego. Madam, and nothing else; so Lords call their La-

Kit. Madam Wife, they say that I have slept and dreamt some fifteen Years, or thereabouts.

Lady. Yes, and it seem'd a tedious Age to me, being all that Time abandon'd from your Bed.

Kit. Hah—that's much! Servants, leave me and Madam alone, before I take t'other Nap.—Madam Wife, undress yourself, and come to Bed now.

Doc. My honour'd Lord, this wou'd endanger a Relapse; indeed your Blood must be gently temper'd by Degrees, the Possession of a Woman now wou'd cause a Tumefaction, which wou'd occasion an Inflammation, which might increase to a Conflagration, and thereby give Birth to a Schirrickation, which must end in a Mortification; which is properly speaking, a Dissolution of Action, in Consequence whereof the Springs of Life stand still—the Vulgar call it Death.

[Spoken very fast.

Kit. Zounds, Mr. Doctor I'll venture all that, I am not to be directed by you in this Matter; let my Blood take its Course, I warrant you I do well after it—You're a pragmatical Fellow, I must tell you that, to meddle in this Business; come Madam Wife, if we give ear to this idle Rascal, I may fall into a Trankram Dream again, and thou may'st lie t'ollow fifteen Years longer—What—

Lady. Thrice noble Lord, let me intreat of you, to pardon me yet for a Night or two;

Or if not so, until the Sun be set :
 For your Physicians all agree in this,
 'Tis certain your Distemper will return,
 If I consent not to refrain your Bed.
 I hope this Reason stands for my Excuse.

Kit. Ay, it stands so—that I may hardly tarry so long.
 But I should be loath to fall into my Dreams again, I will
 therefore tarry, for I am devilishly afraid of relapsing into a
 Cobler—But harky', you Whiskers, Don *Diego*—What
 Country-man am I, pray?—

Diego. Ah my good Lord, there's not a Conde in all *Arragon*
 can boast a Family so ancient, or a more plentiful in-
 heritance.

Kit. An arrogant Conde, what's that?

Diego. The King of *Spain* himself, whom we all serve,
 has not a nobler Subject.

Kit. What! then I am a *Spaniard*, am I? Prithee, my
 Friend, what Language do we speak now? Hab!

Diego. Truly, my Lord, I think we speak better *Spanish*
 here than they do at *Madrid*.

Loren. Oh! *Alcantara* has been always famous for the
 purest *Spanish*.

Kit. Ha, ha, ha, why these Mustachio, stiff-neck'd Sons
 of Whores, are a Pack of the most consumed Liars—
 Harky' Friend, 'tis in vain to argue this Matter with you I
 find; but I do, between you and I now, positively assure
 you, that I cou'd never speak any other Language than
 plain *English* in my Life,

Diego. Why, how is it possible, my Lord, for me, who
 understand nothing but *Spanish*, to answer you, if you
 spoke nothing but *English*?

Kit. Ay, why that is true, very true.

Diego. Ay my good Lord, this cursed Distemper yet
 hangs about you, and clouds your Understanding.

Kit. Well, well, I will ask no further Questions, for
 they puzzle me consumedly.

Diego. My Lord, some Neighbours hearing of your Re-
 covery, are come to entertain you with a Song, and cheer
 your Heart with Mirth,

Kit. Ha!—This must be some damn'd Mistake or other
 at the bottom!—But I dare not ask Questions—well! Let
 'em come in, *Diego*.

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A Dialogue SONG between a Cobler and his Wife.

I.

SHE. **G**O, go; you vile Sot!
Quit your Pipe and your Pot:
Get home to your Stall, and be doing.
You puzzle your Pate
With Whimsies of State,
And play with Edge-Tools to your Ruin.

II.

HE. Keep in that shrill Note,
Or I'll ram down your Throat
This red hot black Pipe I am smoaking:
Thou Plague of my Life!
Thou Gipsy! thou Wife!
How darest thou thy Lord be provking?

III.

SHE. You riot and roar
For Babylon's Whore,
And give up your Bible and Psalter:
I prithee dear Kit,
Have a little more Wit,
And keep thy Neck out of the Halter.

IV.

HE. Nay, prithee, sweet Joan,
Now let me alone,
To follow this Princely Vocation:
I mean to be great,
In spite of my Fate:
And settle myself and the Nation.

V.

SHE. Go, go, you vile Sot!
HE. I matter thee not;
SHE. Was ever poor Woman so slighted!
HE. Thy Fortune is made!
SHE. Go follow your Trade!
HE. I tell thee, I mean to be Knighted.

VI.

SHE. A Whipping-Post Knight!
HE. Get out of my Sight!
SHE. Thou Traytor, thou! Mark thy sad Ending.
HE. I'll new damp the State;
The Church I'll translate:
Old Shoes are no more worth the Mending.

B

Kit.

Kit. Ha, ha, this is a very Comonty, Faith. That Fellow now is as like me, I mean in my Dreams—and my Wife too!—Well, well: Come, we have had Singing enough—For God's Sake, let us have a Cup of strong Beer—Nay, don't stare: For, by the Lord *Harry*, I will have it so, or I'll flea you all alive. How now! Ay, and you shall all sit down, and drink Bumpers round, as fast as you can pour them down—Come, *Diego*, you are my first Minister; sit on my Right-hand: So!—What is Madam Wife gone? Be it so: For to say the Truth, she is but a Temptation to me, since I may not use her—

Doct. Might I presume, my Lord, that *English* Beer which you delight in, is too heavy for your Constitution.

Kit. What! How! Are you giving your Advice again, Sirrah? Zounds! You smutty muzzled Dung-broker, pretend to tell me, strong Beer is not good for me! Lend me your Spit, Friend; I'll put that Dog to Death this Moment. What, is he gone? 'tis well: What, a Pox; if one did not pluck up a Spirit, I see—Come, *Diego*, all of you sit down. (*A Servant brings in a large Jug of strong Beer and a Country Horn.*) Ay, that is somewhat like! Set it down and place the Horn in my Right-hand: Bring Pipes and Tobacco, so!—Come—here's to all true Hearts and sound Bottoms!

Diego. Ay, this is a loyal Health indeed!

Kit. Ah, *Diego*! If we were not in *Spain* now, I could drink such Healths as would set us all together by the Ears in a Moment! Are you a Whig or a Tory?

Diego. I don't know what your Lordship means.

Kit. I am glad on't: Come, drink about: I have had the Devil to do in my Dreams about that Matter.

Enter JOAN.

Joan. Oh the Vather! How they have 'dizen'd him! Why *Kit*, *Kit*, why dost let 'em play their Gambols with thee thus, *Kit*.

Kit. Ay, there she is by the Lord *Harry*! Before I have drank two Horns round—

Loren. Who my good Lord?

Kit. Oons, you stiff-rump'd Pimp, my Wife: Don't you see her?

Joan. Go, you eternal Sot! never well, but when you have a Pot and a Pipe at your Nose. Go, go—And you may be ashamed, that you May, to keep a Woman's Husband here ranting and scanting, when he should be a pains-taking

ing with his poor Wife at Home. [*They keep her from him.*

Kit. Look'ye, Neighbours; I know the Woman well enough: She must be nointed; her Constitution requires it; one Ounce of Oil of S'irrup makes her as supple and tactable as a Lamb—This to me, this to me! [*trutting and roaring.*] What, am not I your sovereign redidary Lord and Husband? Hah!

Loren. Who is it you talk to, my Lord?

Diego. What troubles your Lordship thus?

Do. You hold Discourse ev'n with the idle Air.

Joan. Ah, what an Oaf they make thee, *Kit*, come Home you Sot, come Home.

Kit. Will you help me, my Neighbours, to a Leather about an Ell long, such a one as your Coblers use; and let it be doubled, do you hear? Let it be doubled in the Form of a Stirrup. You shall see what Sort of Discipline I used to dream I gave to just such a Sort of a Woman, when I was in my Trankrums, before I waked.

Joan. Let me come at him! Let me come at him! I'll tear his Eyes out, a Rogue? [*She attempts to fly at him, and they force her out; as she is going, Lorenzo speaks to her aside.*

Loren. What, art thou mad, Woman, to disturb his Lordship in this Manner, when you hear he is a little disorder'd in his Head? Thy Husband is now dead drunk, in the Possession of the Constable. Go, go to him, and satisfy thyself.

Kit. So! Heaven be praised, she is gone!

Diego. Who is gone, my Lord? Here was no Body.

Loren. How his Imagination abuses him!

Kit. Why, what, did you not see our *Joan*?

D. This evil Spirit still haunts him.

Kit. Why, ay, it is true; this is an evil Spirit that always haunts me, Morning, Noon and Night; I can tell you that—And so you say my Wife was not here? Hah!

Diego. Ah, my good Lord!—

Kit. Nay, nay, I only ask; 'tis very well—My Mind is very much disorder'd indeed!—I am in mighty whimsical Circumstances. Ay, very whimsical Circumstances.

Diego. My Lord the Dancers attend, as you ordered 'em.

Kit. I order'd 'em! Nay, nay, it may be so! Let 'em come an thy will: But a Pox on 'em! They shall not intercept our Mirth. Come, my Boys! Sit down, we'll drink till our Heads turn round as fast as their Heels—Ah! When all is done, this is the only true Pleasure of Life!

The Cobler of Preston.

[While the Dance is performing, they drink fast about, and the Cobler is very drunk.]

Kit. Dub—Rub, Dub a Dub! Rumps and Round Heads, Rumps and Round-Heads! I'll be a Rebel, down with the Rump down with the Rump; and yet I do not rebel, look'ee because I hate the Goverment—but because there should be no Goverment at all—Look'ye, I am for Passive Obedience and Non-Resistance; and so I will knock every Body down, and be subject to nobody. I am likewise for Liberty and Property; that is, declare for a sponge and no Taxes: And in order to bring this about the more expeditiously. I pronounce myself a Doxy Member of that Church which can forgive all my Sins, past, present, and to come. And so, *Diego*, good Night. *[Falls asleep.]*

Sir Cha. Hah, hah—So his Lordship is finish'd—

Jolly. He has perform'd beyond our Hopes.

Sir Cha. Well, now take his Lordship up, and convey him to his own dirty Hovel; lay him in his Bed—his Wife is abroad; she is now searching for him at the Constable's House: Let us see how we may yet work upon him, when he returns to his original Shape.

Jolly. The Delusion is now so strong, I believe we may prolong it still.

Diego. Away with him. *[They take him upon their Backs and bear him off.]*

Loren. Come, my Lord, to your Stirrup and Hammer once more.

Sir Cha. In the mean time let us not forget the Sirloin of Beef I order'd to be ready by three. That will be the chief of your Dinner, Mr. *Jolly*, with a Flask of spritely *Burgundy*, to drink his Majesty's Health, and all the Royal Family.

A C T II. S C E N E, *The Constable's House.*

The Butler in the Cobler's Cloaths, dead drunk.

[Butler raises his Head.]

DICK, Dick! Lay the Cloath—whet the Knives: I cannot come; I am busy, very busy.

Enter Constable, follow'd by JOAN.

Const. What a Howling is here? Is the Woman wild, tro—There: There lies your Household-stuff: The Furniture of your best Chamber; but 'tis in a most filthy Pickle. Come, up with him; take your Government upon your Shoulders—Dame, march off with your Head upon your Back—You know his Weight.

Joan.

Joan. Ah, 'tis a filthy Pig, always wallowing in the Wash, —What the Dickens, did the Eale they gave me in the Buttery at the *Hall-House*, dazzel my Ears and my eyes, so that I took a Lord there for our *Kit*? —And made such an Uproar, Esackins, I am asheam'd as it were —

Const. Away with your Rubbish, I say remove your Lumber, Dame. —

Joan. Ah, 'tis our *Kit* sure enough! I'll ring'em such a Peal, when he is sober' as it were — I pray you now, Master Constable, let him have his Nap out — and I'll borrow Neighbour *Tredde's* Wheel-barrow for'en in Morning, and roul'en Home as well as I can

Const. Do so, thou Hoop of a Hoghead: For as thou art that Vessel's Rib, 'tis plain — thy whole Business is to keep a Tun of Beer tight only — Do so; and drive him Home in Triumph. Hear ye me, good Woman! Thy Husband is guilty of no Crime, but what Justice may wink at — for our whole Country consists of walking Vessels of *October*; now to accuse one Vessel to another, for no other Crime but being full, would be downright false Heraldry. — I am a Magistrate, and have some Wildom. Away — Away! [*Exeunt.* S C E N E. *A Cobler's Stall on one Side of the Stage, and a little poor Bed on the other, Kit in Bed.*

Kit. alone.) Hey hoh! — where are my Servants? Here some of you bring me a whole Butt of *English* Small-Beer — Here *Diego, Lorenzo, Bartolino!* — Why, where are my Varlets? — I'll have the Dog's Liveries stripp'd over their Ears, and turn 'em all out to Grass — Tho' I must own I have a Sort of liking to *Seignior Diego*, he took his Glass off supernaculum — Hah, What! why this is my old Flock Hammock, Ay, and there is my spacious Shop too, of a Yard long — and these are my bafe Implements! — But where's *Joan*? — Ay, mad as sure as a Gun — I am in my Frangrums again — Ho, Pox! I am always undervaluing myself: This is only now one of my old Quondaries they tell me of — Here; where are you? What, will no Creature come near me? — Now am I most consumedly puzzled, to know whether I dreamt before, or whether I dream now, or whether 'tis all a Dream from Beginning to Ending? whether I am my Lord what do y' call him, or *Kit* the Cöbler? some Body or no Body —

Enter JOAN.

Hold! here comes one will interpret all my Dream, with a Vengeance —

Joan.

Joan. Busie sweeping and setting the Room to right.) Was there ever such a Sot—All our Neighbours cry Shame o'en—Wou'd he were here—I would rattle him—Good lack,—What a Litter this Shop is in—We have a mort of Work, and, not one Stich set; there's Neighbour *Clump's* Boots to be liquor'd, there's *Peter Hobson's* Shoe'n to be tapp'd---besides Dame *Goffin's* Patins, and the Curate's Galashoes that are to be lined with Swan-Skin.—Oh Lud' Oh Thieves,——Thieves,——Murther, Fire!

Kit. How now, what is the Woman Galliad, thro'!

Joan. Thieves, Thieves!

Kit. Silence, I say——What has possess'd the Woman? Either take that abominable shrill Pipe of thine a Note lower—or I will—

Joan. Who are you? What are you? How came you here? And what Business have you in this Place?

Kit. Hah!

Joan. Oh Lud! *Kit!* Why, I left thee just now fast asleep in the Constable's Kitchin; I staid but one Moment at *Goody Tattles*, to tell her to take her Cow out of the Lees, and see if thou hast not slept home, and got into the Bed before me.

Kit. Let us here that again—Hah! where didst thou leave thy Husband, good Woman, dost thou say!

Joan. Why, I tell thee *Kit*, I left thee at the Constables, drunk asleep; and I marl how thou gottest home so soon.

Kit. Haud ye——Haud ye—Not so fast, Woman I will take care thy Husband shall come to no Harm——he is an honest Man; he loves a Cup of Ale, I have heard; but that's a small Fault indeed, go home—be easy, my Servants shall bring thee thy Husband.

Joan. Thy Servants, *Tom. Dingle*——Goody'e now! Goody'e, what in this Eale still, *Kit?* Come, do'n thy Cloaths, and get thee to Work—What the Dickens—

Kit. Good lack, good lack—Why, this is the Hag now that has plagued me in my Dreams thus for fifteen Years together! and so puzzled my Pate, that I have all along mistaken myself for a Cbler, and her for my Wife!

Joan. Out you drunken Sot—Why, *Kit*, what do you deny your lawful Wife, *Kit?* Adsnigs, I'll make you find your Sense, in good Faith, I will? why Sirrah, Sirrah—I'll siegue your Trulls, Efaith—I'll ferret out your Coneyboroughs! I'll teach you to drink, and wench and come Home and be-ly the Wife of your Bosom thus, I will—(Crying) Oh, Oh

—was ever poor Woman so us'd by a sawcy Knave, that had not a Shoe to his Foot, 'tis well known; nor a Rag to his Bag, 'till it took him out of a Gaol and cloath'd him!

Kit. Look thee *Joan*, that I do not use any Discipline to thee now, if I can guess that thy Husband's Temper, may be a Proof to thee, that I am not thy Husband—This Place, 'tis true, does appear to me to be a Cbler's Stall, neither better nor worse; and thou dost appear likewise, both by thy Words and Looks, to be a Cbler's Wife—But *Joan*, I know now most certainly, that all this is but a Dream—a base low Imagination, which I am always afflicted with when I sleep—But be peaceable, and presently too, or else I know, by some infallible Symptoms, that I shall dream of strapping thee most confoundedly.

Joan. Oh Lud. Oh Lud! to be sure our *Kit* is distraught; his brains are quite addled! What shall I do with 'en?—Come *Kit*, I won't be angry:—lie down in the Bed, do ye so, and I will get a Cardous Posset, and thou shalt sweat a little.

Kit. No, no, I will arise and consider this Matter uprightly? Ay, and with much Wisdom.—But do not thou multiply Words; if thou art my Wife, be obedient and silent: Come, give me my Cloaths, Woman.

Joan. Cloaths! Goody'e now! Goody'e! here are no Cloaths! Why *Kit*, what hast thou done with thy Cloaths, *Kit*?

Kit. No Clothes—No Clothes—Nay, I do not remember that I wore any Cloaths when I was your *Spanish* Lord yonder, neither.

Joan. Oh Gemini!—what is this *Kit*? Oh the Father! what a fine filken Gown is here!

Kit. Ay, why there's it? now 'tis plain again! (*In a Rage.*) Answer me thou Witch of *Endor*?—How came I hither? How did you steal me away? Where are your Imps? Restore me to my Lordship, my House, my Lands, my Servants, and my Cellar of strong Beer?—

Enter a Countryman.

Count. Odsnigs, *Kit*, give me my Sho'en done or undone. I'll stay no longer for 'en. Eale and Politicks will be the utter undoing of thy good Man; I foresee that now, *Joan*.

Joan. Ah *Gaffer*! he has gotten into an Acquaintance, as one may say, with some of your *Spanish* Roylters, that lie yonder at *Sir Charles Britons*—and he is at last got drunk for

for good and all——Lookee, where he struts in his silken Gown—He reaves so! you ne'er saw the peer o'en; he says he is a Lord, and denies me to be his lawful Wife!—Pray ye Gaffer, talk to'ne a little, and try to dispose'en an ye con.

Count. Why hearkee Neighbour, Neighbour *Kit*; why what the good Year! Why dost thou straddle about, and tols up thy Snout so, like one of your Actors' in a Stage-Play!—Speak to me, Mon, give me thy Hand——What dost thou not know thy old Friend and Neighbour *Gaffer Hobson*?

Kit. You are somewhat sawcy, methinks, my familiar Friend.

Count. Ha, ha, ha——Ay, 'tis all Pride and Idleness!——he wou'd always be meddling with our Cudgel-playings, and your State Affairs, and your Bull-baitings, and Randy-ing all the Country over, and such like—see what 'tis come to! 'Tis true, he always bore a mind above his Means—

Kit. Thou Devil, in the Shape of a Clown, Avant——What Hand have you had in this Journey-work? Did you help that Witch to unlord me; thus to steal me out of myself, and my own *Spanish* Country, and to translate me into this rascally Cobler's Form that I now wear?

Count. Lookee, my Lord, I do not come to preat with ye about your Politicks, and your Outlandish Affairs. I bore in Head welly a Twelmonth ago, that ye would be mad, or hang'd—Dono' dunder my Head with your Nonsense—I came in an honest Way, as I may say to pay ye the Thirteen Pence that I owe; and take my Shoe'n, if they are soal'd and heel-pieced. And so, my Lord, if you please, as they say'ns to wax one End of Thread, and handle your Awl for a Minute or two, you may be a Lord afterwards, and welcome.—Ha, ha, ha.

Kit. Hah—what!—Thirteen Pence dost thou say? Thirteen Pence is, indeed, a considerable Sum!—And seriously now, I do not find that my Lordship has any Money at all—I suppose my Steward keeps my Cash—Ay, but where is he, the Scoundrels are all vanished—what shall I do!—I don't know, I think it may be proper however to try, whether I have Ingenuity enough to earn a Penny in an honest Way—My Mind misgives me now, that I can soal a Pair of Shoes by Instinct, as it were—Od, I'll try—*Joan!* take the poor Fellow's Thirteen Pence, and fetch a double Flaggon

Flaggon of *Goody Gundy's* Stingo—I think I heard of such an Ealewife among you when I was in *England*.

Joan. Heaven be thankful, his Brains begin to earn towards his Business again!—I'll fetch his Eale; we must not cross 'en in these Humours. *[Exit Joan]*.

[Kit sits down to Work and Sings, after which he speaks.]

Kit. Honest *Kit*, or my Lord, or my Lord or *Kit*, for which of you I speak to, I cannot tell at present, give me a patient Hearing: The Question then, between me and myself, is, Whether I am a dreaming Lord and a waking Cbler or a dreaming Cbler and a waking Lord?—Yesterday my Servants were all *Spanish* Gentlemen; my Wife was a Lady; my Bed all silken; my House as big as a Church; my Meat so good that I could not tell what it was; and my Booze as right as ever was tipp'd: All these Things, I say, did then appear to these Eyes of mine, (if these things of mine are mine) and were then open to belong to me, their natural Lord and Master: And now this Morning, my fine Lady is turn'd into a scolding Vixen; my great House unto a wretched Hovel, my spacious Chamber into a Cbler's Stall; and my Silken Down Bed into rusty Flocks and filthy Woollen.—In short, all Things round me appear to be the rascally Appurtenances of *Kit the Cbler*—I am horribly transmogrified from Day to Day?—Pho, Pox! it must be so; I am but a Cbler after all: At least I'll fix here now; 'tis better to be some body, than no body; however—

Enter JOAN with a double Flaggon of Ale.

Joan. So *Kit*, how dost thou do? What art not out of thy Conundrums yet, Mon?

[Giving him the Flaggon.]

Kit. Ah, this is an old Acquaintance indeed! This proves me broad awake, and clears up all my Scruples at once: Welcome to my Arms once more; It makes me weep for Joy to see my old Friend and Acquaintance! What Wonders dost thou work? As *Sir Charles* used to say: Thou makest Men plot without Brains, fight without Courage, and rebel without Treason: Thou turnest Libertines into Zealots, and Fox-hunters into Statesmen: To thee I owe my Briskness, when I randy my fine Speeches at the head of the Mobility: To thee, my dearest, I owe that I was a *Spanish* Lord last Night; and for thee I owe *Cicely Gundy* the Lord knows what—and so Neighbour *Hobson*, here's to you.

Count. See, see, *Joan*, how he pulls—what, is all out:

Kit,

Kit. Ay, ay, an it were Ten Fathom deep—Come *Joan*, as I was a Lord of my own making, I unlord myself again, and acknowledge thee for my lawful Spouse—Nothing sticks on my Conscience, but this harlotry Gown here—Od, I believe it was brought by the Faries.

Enter Squire JOLLY's Servants dress'd as before like Spaniards.

Diego. I was afraid his old Distraction wou'd return.

Ant. This is very Witchcraft!

Loren. Look, if he be not set down to Work like a poor Cobler!

Diego. Alas, my Lord, how is it with you?

Ant. How came your Lordship here?

Loren. Your faithful Servants have been seeking you this Hour and more.

Ant. My poor Lady refuses all Comfort.

Diego. And has charg'd us on Pain of Death to find you out, and bring you back, once more, to your own Palace.

Kit. Hah!—What! ay! 'tis my old Friend *Diego*! Ay, and that is *Lorenzo*—and there is that hatcher-faced Rogue, who deny'd me the Use of Madam Wife last Night, I remember 'em all very well!

Loren. We have brought your Lordship's Cloathes.

Diego. Will your Honour please to dress?

Kit. Ay, ay, dress me quickly—quickly!—*[They dress him.]* But Harkee, Varlets, Scoundrels! are you sure, now positively sure, that I am your natural Lord and Master? I am devilishly afraid I am but a Pretender. *[Aside.]*

Diego. Oh, my good Lord!

Loren. If your Lordship wou'd but confine yourself to the Rules of your Physicians—

Diego. These vain Imaginations cou'd never prevail upon you.

Kit. Look thee, honest *Diego*, I hate Physick, I abominate Doctors: Talk not to me of Doctors.—I wou'd not deny myself the Enjoyment of Roast Beef and Oclober, to be an Emperor.—What, the Pox! will the Fellow choak me. *[To a Servant putting on his Ruff.]* What is this, Friend?—What is this?

Loren. Only your Lordship's Ruff.

Kit. Rough indeed, I think!—Oons, you must provide me with a Dog and a String too—or I shall break my Bones. I can tell you, for I cannot see one Inch of my Way.

Joan.

Joan. Oh Lud! Neighbour *Hobson*! what is the Meaning of all this tro'?

Count. Meaning! Oons, the People are aw wild, I think!—This is most certain now, some o' your Conjurations, or your Witchcrafts or Ghosts, as they sayn—Flesh, Ise e'en ready to sink—

Kit. Hark thee, thou Witch of *Endor*! if ever thou lavest any Claim to my Person again—I'll have thy Wainscot Hide stripp'd over thy Ears, and tann'd to make Soals for Plowmen—What a stinking Hole is this?

Diego. Will your Lordship use your Mule, or your Chariot, or your Litter?

Kit. I cou'd walk well enough, Friend *Diego*, if I cou'd but see my Way.

Loren. We'll attend your Lordship—

Kit. Good Woman, fare-you-well, commend me to your Husband; if he wou'd be sober, he is a special Workman, that is certain; I'll be his Customer, he shall mend my Shoes.

[*Exeunt Omnes, but Joan and Country-man.*]

Joan. To be sure, Neighbour *Hobson*, the World is turn'd topsy turvey!—One cannot trust to one's own Eyes or Ears—

Count. I think they have conjur'd thee out of thy Husband, indeed—Odsfish, follow 'em *Joan*; for, be he Lord, or Squire, or Emperor, he is thy Husband, Woman still—

Joan. Ay, so I thought last Night at the *Hall-House*, but they perswaded me out on't; and to be plain w'ye, Neighbour, to be sure I did see our *Kit* just afterwards, drunk in the Constable's House. He is indeed as like my Husband as if he were spit out of his Mouth; and yet I am partly perswaded I may be mistaken—Prithee, *Robin*, go w' me to the Constable's; to be sure I am in a terrible Quandry.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE The Hall-House discover'd, a spacious Room; the Cbler at a Table; Strong Beer upon it; his Servants waiting round him; and the Doctor at his right Hand, offering him a Viol.

Kit. Lookye'Doctor, make as many damnable ugly Faces as you please. I'll not taste a Drop of your Lixar.

Doct. My Lord, with the most profound Submission, 'tis impossible

impossible to recover your Lordship without the Administration of Medicine—

Kit. Why then I will remain as I am—What, the Pox, wou'd the Fellow have?—Hearkee, *Diego*—tap a fresh Hogthead I command you—this damn'd Fellow denies me the Use of Madam Wife—my Roast Beef—and pretends to be my Friend!

Doct. My Lord, 'tis absolutely necessary your Lordship shou'd bleed.

Kit. Hah!—Bleed!

Doct. It will qualify this unnatural Heat in your Blood, and make it circulate freely.

Kit. You are a Son of a Whore. [*Throws a Glass of Ale in his Face.*] Leave my Presence—I am not able to bear the Sight of you.

Doct. It is not you, my good Lord, who use me thus, but your Distemper; which for that Reason, I am resolv'd to conquer. It will be proper therefore to shave your Head—After which we will make a Couple of Blisters incisional in the Nape of your Neck, which will occasion a plentiful Evacuation, and draw down the Humours from the Pia-Matter of your Brain; which Drains must be kept open by two small Ventages, that may not improperly be called Back-Doors! in your Body.

Kit. Back Doors!—thou most execrable abominable Spawn of a Clyster Pipe. Why, *Diego*! *Vincentio*! *Lorenzo*! what the Plague is to be done now?—What am I to be butcher'd here?—Ay, this is a Plot, a villainous Contrivance, I see it plain—You are all Rebels, arrant Antimarchial, Schematical *Hereticks*; and have a mind to destroy the Church: Oons what do you mean?

Doct. My Lord. I shall act only according to the celebrated Prescription of that most learned Doctor in the Faculty, Seignior *Palambrimo Cento Galfrido Pedro de mendosa*—who was a Galenist.—

Kit. I did not care if Seignior Doctor——*Mendosa Palsry* and you were both hang'd in a String——Sirrah, I dismishs you my Service; I'll have no more to do with you.

Doct. Ah my poor Lord—how sorry will he be when he comes to his Sentes, for thus misusing his most faithful Servant—Come, *Diego*, *Lorenzo*, hold him—This is the most proper

proper Time imaginable—the Moon is in the last Quadrant of the Ecliptic. [*They hold him, the Doctor draws his Incision-Knife, while Kit struggles and cries out.*]

Kit. Dogs, Rogues, Villains, Low-Church Rebels! I'll have you all hanged—

Enter a Servant running hastily, and in a great Frigh!
The rest quit the Cöbler.

Loren. What's the Matter you stare so wildly?

Kit. Ay, what's the Matter, Friend?

Serv. Ah, my good Lord, a whole Troop of Dragoons have surrounded the House, they charge you with Treason, and say, they have a Warrant to hang you upon one of the highest Elms before your Palace Gate—

Kit. High Treason—Hah! I have been a little inclin'd to Rebellion, 'tis true, but sure that was when I was a Cöbler only. What shall I do, *Diego*? Cou'd not you clap me into an empty Hog'shead in the Cellar?—Do, *Diego*, do, and throw a *Cheshire-Cheese* and a *Peck-Loaf* or two after me; and I'll retire from this vile World, like a Peace making Minister, and pass the rest of my Days in Solitude and Sleep—

Diego. Alas, my Lord! they'll put us all to the Torture; who can keep a Secret when a Sword is at his Throat?

Kit. Good lack!—good lack! this is worse than *Seignior Palsry's* Receipt: Pray, Friend, what is your King's Name? for I have been in such Visions, my Memory is absolutely

Loren. *Alphonso.*

(spoild.

Kit. Oh *Alphonso*! Ay, why if they go to that then, 'Squire *Blunder* and I took the Oaths together to his Majesty at the *Quarter Sessions.*

Loren. Then you think taking the Oaths absolves you from every thing for the future?

Kit. Ay, for when I have sworn I won't be a Rebel, what signifies what I do after, you know?

Loren. Right!

Kit. Why ay; there was *Squire Clumsy*, *Squire Blunder*, *Nick Quicksett*, and *Sir Tim. Dodypole* and I—used to drink, and roar, and talk Treason, it would do your Heart good!—What, mun one not be fisky a little bit or so in this Country, Hah!

Loren. Nay, that I know not: But hark, I fear, my Lord, your Servants have capitulated—Ay, 'tis so! I see the Cap-

The Cöbler of Preston.

tain is coming in: He will take your Confession to be sure.

Enter Squire JOLLY as a Captain of Dragoons and Servants as Dragoons with him.

Capt. My Lord, I am yours—I have a small Affair to dispatch here—Read this, my Lord, read this—

Kit. I cannot read, an it please your Honour.

Capt. Read it to him, Slaves.

[*Diego reads.*

CAPTAIN.

When Pedro Lorenzo, Conde of Alcantara, sees this you are to execute him forthwith, unless he shews good Reason to the contrary. Alphonso.

Capt. If you have a Prayer or two ready made, huddle it over as fast as you can; for I am in haste.

Kit. In haste!

Capt. Oons Sir—yes, in haste! Come, come, be quick, or I'll halter you, and put you out of your Pain in a Moment.

Kit. Give me leave, Sir, to say, I am not the person you take me for; I am but a Cobler, Sir— (Neck.

Capt. Frederico, do your Office. (*Putts the Halter about his*

Kit. Ah, dear Sir, my dear Sir spare me but one Word: Recommend me to my Wife *Jean*; and tell his Majesty, that I ca—not help—ta—king it ve—ry ill at his Hands.

Capt. Very well, My Lord you expect to die like a Man of Quality—and I'll hold your Lordship a Thousand Pounds now this Fellow, simply as he looks here—takes off your Head—at one Blow—Draw *Pedro*—I warrant you, he nicks the Joint!—Come, Kneel, kneel—

Kit. Oh, spare my Life, Captain, and I'll peach; I'll tell you the whole Plot.

Capt. Well you look so penitentially, I'll try you: If what you have to say will deserve a Reprieve, you shall have it.—Come, begin; but be very clear and full in your Discovery, without the least Prevarication.

Kit. Yes indeed, I will make a full and true Discovery.

Capt. Come then, begin—Was not you concerned in some or all the Riots and Rebellions that have been in this Country?

Kit. I do not remember.

Capt. How came you among the Traitors?

Kit. I do not know.

Capt. Who sent you thither?

Kit. I cannot tell.

Capt.

Capt. What are the Names of your Companions?

Kit. I have quite forgot.

Capt. Had you any Money or Strong Beer given you?

Kit. My Memory quite fails me of a sudden,

Capt. How the Rogue prevaricates! Sirrah, Sirrah, you learnt this of your Betters: Come, off with his Head; for he can have no farther use for it.

Kit. Ah dear Sir, do not yet be so hasty, and I'll try to remember.

Capt. Quickly then, while you have Life to do it.

Kit. *Imprimis* then, I was drawn away, as they sayn, to drink your Jacobite *Papists* Healths: which I did at first for the Love of the Beer only, as I am a Christian.

Capt. Well, go on,

Kit. Then, when I was very boozy, I used to leave my Stall, and go a rioting with *Timothy Sprig* the Tythingman, *Edward Belfery* our Sexton, *Patrick Quaver* the Clerk, *Dick Marrow-bone*, *John a Geats*, *David Bullock*.—

Capt. Well, and what then?

Kit. Why then we did beat and knock down all People who were soberly disposed: And we did likewise most abominably disuse both the King and the Parliement.

Capt. Who encourag'd you to do all this?

Kit. The honourable Sir *Andrew Squib*, the worshipful *Nicholas Quickmatch*, Esq; and the reverend Mr. *Peter Pinacle*.

Capt. What Reasons did they give you for it?

Kit. Money and strong Beer.

Capt. O my Conscience, I believe thy Confession now is pretty honest---Fear has made thee speak Truth.

Kit. Ay, I have been whedled and terrify'd too into this Plot, indeed Captain---Why what could a poor weak Sinner do? Our Parson frighted me with Fire and Brimstone, and the Squire tempted me with Beef and *October*; what could frail Flesh and Blood do in such a Case?

Capt. Do you now promise to amend your Life for the future?

Kit. Most sincerely.

Capt. Then get thee Home, honest *Kit*; learn to cobbler thy Shoes, and let the Common-wealth alone---Look upon those *Spaniards*, now their Whiskers are off---Do you know 'em? [*The Servants pull off their Wigs and Whiskers.*

Kit.

Kit. Hah ; what, is not that thy old Friend *Peter Pim-
pernel* ? and *Diego*, there is my dear Boy *Jack*, the Positi-
tion of *Blossom-Hall*.

Capt. Ay, and that's your good Master, *Sir Charles Bri-
ton* ; whose Advice, if you had follow'd, you wou'd never
have fall'n into these Scrapes, *Christopher*.

Kit. Ah good your Worship's ! I beg your Pardon for
being so free in your House, as they sayn.

Diego. There's your Wife below, has seized upon the
Butler, and swears she will have him, since she has lost her
r'other Husband---

Kit. Why, let her make good her Title, and in-troth, I'll
serve *Sir Charles* in his Stead, if his Honour pleases--- A
Butler's a snug Thing, as I may say. In troth, I am hear-
tily glad this Matter is settled ; it is a most perplexing
Thing not to know who one is---I have been in very whim-
sical Circumstances, in troth.

Sir Cha. Ay, and we will transform you again, if you do
not keep your promise to amend your Manners for the fu-

Kit. I will, I do promise most faithfully. (ture.

Sir Cha. Upon these Conditions my Cellar Doors shall
be always open to you---

Kit. I humbly thank your Honour.

Sir Cha. Stand aside a while, attend the Entertainment
we prepared for your Lordship. You have a Sort of Right
to govern here to-day.

A MASQUE.

Sir Cha. Go, comfort thy Wife. Mend thy Life and thy
Shoes. Be courteous to thy Customers, and mannerly to
thy Superiors. Live soberly, and be a good Christian. And
remember you are obliged to me for bringing you to the
Knowledge of yourself.

Kit. To be sure I shall never forget your Honour's Kind-
nets, I'll from this Hour leave *Sir Andrew Squib's* Cellar,
and be faithful to your's, and for the future mix Loyalty
with my Liquor.

Our Squire, for Kit, may by himself rebel,

To this mad Politick I bid farewell.

Henceforth I'll never rail against the Crown,

Nor swallow Traytors Heulths in Bumpers down ;

Nor sham Pretences of Religion forge.

But with true Protestants cry, Live King GEORGE.

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